THE SOPRANOS

"A Hit Is A Hit"

S108-P110

Written by
Joe Bosso

Directed by
Matthew Penn

9/11/98

THE SOPRANOS

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CAST

TONY SOPRANO
CARMELA SOPRANO
DR. JENNIFER MELFI
CHRIS MOLTISANTI
MEADOW SOPRANO
HESH RABKIN
ANTHONY JR. (DELETE) *
PAULIE WALNUTS
ADRIANA
PUSSY BOMBENSIERO
SILVIO DANTE

Irina
Dr. Cusamano
Jean Cusamano
Randy Wagner * (was Jerry)
Squid
Manager
Vito
Barb Wagner
Marlene Rabkin
Richie Santini
Jack Krim
Massive Genius
Minister of Information
Bass Player
Rita
Eric
Gallegos
Black Cop
Audience Mullethead

THE SOPRANOS

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SETS

INTERIORS

Upper East Side Apt. Bldg. – Hallway	D
Upper East Side Apt.	D
Soprano House – Basement	D
Soprano Kitchen	D
Soprano Master Bedroom (OMIT)	D *
Soprano House	D
Plaza Hotel Suite	D
White Castle	N
Massive Genius' Living Room	N/D *
Massive Genius' Private Office	N
Christopher's Apt. – Bedroom	D
Christopher's Apt.	D/N
Il Granaio Restaurant	N
Cusamano House – Dining Room	N
Cusamano Living Room	N
Cusamano Kitchen	D
Cusamano Bathroom	N
Wreckers Club – Paramus	N *
Melfi's Office	D
Melfi's Vestibule (OMIT)	D *
Hesh's Estate – Office	N
Hesh's Estate – Den	D
Recording Studio	D
Bada Bing – Back Room (OMIT)	D *
Bada Bing – Office	D *

EXTERIORS

Soprano House	Dusk
Soprano Back Yard	D
Soprano House – Poolside	Dusk
Phone Booth	D
White Castle	N
Massive Genius's Patio	N
Hesh's Estate	D
Hesh's Patio	D
Wagner's House – Backyard	D
Country Club Golf Course	D

1 INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 1

A young Ivy League Colombian man with briefcase, GASPAR GALLEGOS, comes off the elevator, fishing for his keys, passing two workmen in 'Navesink Appliance' coveralls fighting with a boxed Sub Zero fridge on a dolly. As he passes they reveal themselves as PAULIE and CHRISTOPHER. What happens is a text-book "push in" robbery. P&C produce silenced pistols, rush Gallegos, guns to his head, slapping duct tape over his mouth.

PAULIE
Open up 15B. Any hinky shit, you'll be be refrying beans with Pablo Escobar again.

Gallegos does as told. They enter the apartment. The Sub Zero carton is being dollied toward them by a third appliance guy, Pussy, who, with the cigar in his mouth looks not unlike the appliance guy in the Dire Straits video, "Money for Nothing".

2 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 2

Pussy and the box are the last in. The place is sparsely furnished, impersonal, no one lives here. They hurtle Gallegos onto a couch. Chris and Pussy have already started searching the place. Paulie goes to Gallegos.

PAULIE
This is all a message to your friends. Stay away from Port Newark. Stay out of suburban Essex. Don't drive out to Jersey, not even on Sundays.

GALLEGOS
Ire tell erm.

PAULIE
They been told. Twice. Now I'll tell 'em.

He shoots Gallegos in the head.

CHRISTOPHER
He came to pick up the allowance.

Christopher has popped the briefcase and shows the insides -- which completely empty. He has opened several closets.

PUSSY (O.S.)
Here.

2 CONTINUED: 2

BEDROOM

P&C enter. In closet and under the bed are neatly stacked fifteen medium-sized Samsonite suitcases. Pussy has pulled-out and opened a few and are they overflowing with loose five and ten and twenty dollar bills. The guys are more than happy. Pussy easily drags in the Sub Zero carton which is obviously empty.

CHRISTOPHER
We can't get all this shit in our carton.

But they start trying.

PUSSY
Fuckin crackheads and their small bills.

3 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 3

Tony is holding a water heater duct while his neighbor, BRUCE CUSAMANO, up on a ladder, solders it with a Coleman torch.

CUSAMANO
-- the kid was what we call 'locked in.' Not in a coma, but not conscious. A strange in-between state.

TONY
Sounds like Anthony.

They both laugh.

TONY
Fascinating, though, what you do for a living.

CUSAMANO
Think this got it.

Tony takes his hand off the duct. Cusamano tests for solidity, descends the ladder. They sip beers.

TONY
Thanks, Bruce.

CUSAMANO
What the hell, the old man taught me good -- and you saved my ass lending me that lawn sprayer. I'll get it back to you.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

TONY
You're next door, it's not like I can't find you.
(remembering)
Which reminds me --

4 INT. SOPRANO KITCHEN - DAY 4

They enter, Tony goes to a drawer.

TONY
Where'd those fuckin' things go?

He pulls out a cigar box, hands it to Cusamano. He puzzles.

TONY
Open it. Just a little thank you, you know...for recommending Dr. Melfi.

CUSAMANO
What? You didn't have to -- Montecristos...these are Cuban?

TONY
They're the best, right?

CUSAMANO
These are illegal, aren't they?

TONY
(shrugs)
They're cigars.

CUSAMANO
(whiffs the box)
Hmmmm, that's dreamy! I don't know what to say.
(ill at ease)
You know, doctors make referrals all the time. I don't really need a...

TONY
Bruce, no biggie.

Emboldened, Cusamano tries a little "Tony-speak," fishing.

CUSAMANO
Bet these motherfuckers are hard to come by.

4 CONTINUED: 4

TONY
They fell off a truck. *

Which delights Cusamano. PHONE. *

TONY
'Scusi. Expecting a call.
(answering)
Ya?

5 **INTERCUT -- EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 5

PAULIE
It's done and it's the biggest fuckin' refrigerator you ever seen.

TONY
It was the place we said, right over by the place?

PAULIE
Yeah.

TONY
And the other thing?

PAULIE
Juan Valdez has been separated from his donkey.

Tony hangs up. Cusamano watches, fascinated.

CUSAMANO
You know T, I've been meanin' to say. I see you out back with your putter. You ever play the club?

TONY
Nah, I play Minnisink, the public course. And once a year, the garbage carting association takes over Essex Fells for the annual shotgun.

CUSAMANO
You gotta come to the club and play sometime.

TONY
(suddenly shy)
Ah, you know.

5 CONTINUED: 5

CUSAMANO
C'mon. How long you been living in the nabe? Some of the members, I think you'd really like 'em. *
*

6 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - DAY 6

"Clementine" by Bobby Darin fills the air. A champagne cork flies off. PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Tony, Irina, Paulie and his sexy sometimes girlfriend RITA and Christopher. Chris is dressed up. Paulie pours.

PAULIE
Drink up. We got four more on ice.

TONY
(to Irina)
Drink up baby. It's a celebration.

RITA
You know what I say? Never say no to champagne or a guy with a ten inch cock.

PAULIE
(as all laugh)
What I tell ya. Is she a pisser?

IRINA
What are we celebrating anyway?

TONY
Let's just say it's bigger then a sub-zero.
(nuzzles her)
Baby, did you notice this joint has jacuzzi.

IRINA
Speaking of joints.

Irina takes one out and lights it. Passes it to Chris who hits. Passes it to Paulie. He takes a hit, passes it to Tony. Tony takes a hit, sees Paulie grinning ear to ear.

TONY
What?

Paulie still smiles at Tony. Finally, as if through telepathy Paulie has communicated his thought to Tony. And now Christopher is smiling and nodding. Suddenly, the three men are laughing and HUGGING each other.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

IRINA
You guys want to be alone?

PAULIE
Yeah...yeah. As a matter of fact why don't you girls go get in that tub.

The girls go out. Tony and Paulie pull a SUITCASE from the closet and open it. It's overflowing with TENS, TWENTIES, AND FIFTIES.

PAULIE
I love a mixed salad.

CHRISTOPHER
I could look at it for hours.

TONY
Ship like this comes into port once in a lifetime. We gotta make this work for us. Find a sweet IPO, keep it spinnin', live off the juice.

PAULIE
I P who?

IRINA (O.S.)
Tony!

TONY
(Paulie hides case)
Intital Public Offering of a stock, Paulie. I might be meeting some new guys with better insider market shit.

IRINA (O.S.)
Tony!

She comes in wrapped in a terry Plaza robe. Tony grabs her.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm taking off.
(to their looks;somewhat shy)
Gonna celebrate just me and Adriana.

PAULIE
'Mother of mercy, is this the end of Rico'?

CHRISTOPHER
(abashed)
May be. Just may be.

7 INT. WHITE CASTLE - RT. 17, E. RUTHERFORD - NIGHT 7

Almost a late night party atmosphere as the crowd, mostly African-American, orders burgers from the COUNTER CREW (African- American). At the back of the press of people stand CHRISTOPHER and ADRIANA, who've been partying all night and wound up, as so many do, here. Adriana looks gorgeous in a Versace dress. She's barefoot, holding her shoes. Chris is wearing a suit, tie undone. Late-night boulevardiers.

ADRIANA
That song "My Candle," I love it! Will you light my cand-le?

CHRISTOPHER
That fuckin 'Rent' -- we're supposed to get all fuckin weepy eyed 'cause they turn off the heat in some guy's loft?

ADRIANA
I'm humming the scenery!
(kisses him)
Fifth row center. Yeeow. And Le Cirque! My God. I'm embarrassed to be hungry again.
(kisses him again)
Thank you.

He gives her a squeeze.

ADRIANA
What it all must have cost. Can't you just tell me -- ?

CHRISTOPHER
(raises finger)
Eh. Let's just say after how many years with the Tony Soprano crew some shit has finally worked out. When I was starting to wonder if...you know.
(looking forward; to Adriana)
Whose welfare check you gotta cash to get a burger around here?

ADRIANA
Wouldn't it be cool to own a restaurant like Le Cirque?

CHRISTOPHER
Madonn', with the careers.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

ADRIANA
I been hostessing a year at Granaio. I've picked up alot.
(sees a fly-vined powerful black MAN looking at her)
That black guy over there. He look familiar?

CHRISTOPHER
Why don't you just forget working and be with me?

ADRIANA
Oh, yeah. Be one of those wives like Carmela Soprano...breast feed a bunch of rug rats, then spend the rest of your life at the gym just you and your stretch marks.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah. My cousin's always had a brain but what does she use it for?

ADRIANA
With a husband --
(elbows him)
-- who can't even tell you where the money comes from. I'm a different generation.

CHRISTOPHER
So who invited you?

She socks him playfully.

CHRISTOPHER
(calling)
Hey, fuckin hairnet central. What am I back here, Mark Fuhrman?

Everybody stops, turns around and looks at the two white people.

ADRIANA
Chris. Would you chill?

CHRISTOPHER
(not backing down)
Fuckin' discrimination already.

It's a tense moment. Shit could definitely go down. Finally, the White Castle MANAGER, an African-American, motions from the last register to Chris and Adriana.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

MANAGER
Take you over here.

As Chris and Ad start towards the register, the crowd parts like the Red Sea, and out steps the very large black man Adriana had pointed out, MASSIVE GENIUS. He wears a custom-tailored Italian suit that hugs his frame like rubber. On his fingers is about $300,000 worth of gold jewelry.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Bold men make bold statements.

CHRISTOPHER
What'd they send you for? I'm looking for burgers, not converted rice.

Massive and Chris regard each other. Manager waves.

MANAGER
Come on, I'll take your order.

CHRISTOPHER
(step up)
Give us eight regular burgers...

Massive Genius is cool and stone faced. He isn't used to being wise-cracked. Something about him causes Ad to sneak a look over her shoulder. They lock eyes. An older BLACK COP in uniform, who has been hanging in the crowd, leans in close to Genius' aide de camp, MINISTER, and whispers:

BLACK COP
Might pay to be cool. You know who that is? He hooked up with the Tony Soprano crew.

Minister looks semi-impressed.

8 EXT. WHITE CASTLE - NIGHT 8

Chris and Adriana exit the building and head for Chris' car.

ADRIANA
Jesus, Christopher. That was kinda heavy.

They are stopped dead in their tracks by something truly beautiful: A yellow Bentley. It practically glows.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

CHRISTOPHER
Whoa...

ADRIANA
Ooh.

And then, from behind them --

MINISTER
Yo, Valachi Papers!

They turn. Minister is coming toward them with two other muscled posse members/bodyguards.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah?

MINISTER
My name is Minister. I report to Massive Genius.

ADRIANA
That's who it was...the gangsta rap guy.
(worried)
Oh, Jesus...

MINISTER
We havin' a little party at G's crib. Englewood Cliffs. Interested?

CHRISTOPHER
Right, and I get served with black-eyed peas tomorrow. Yo, I know what time it is.

MINISTER
(small smile)
There's business to be done.

9 INT. MASSIVE GENIUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9

Spectacular. New money, no expense spared. RAP MUSIC PLAYS from the incredible sound system. Full-on, making-out partying is underway. A CROWD OF PEOPLE, roughly fifty or so (mostly black but there are a few young white girls), drink champagne and live very large. GANGSTAS in a GAME ROOM play poker and roulette. Chris and Adriana enter, take it all in. They talk to a guy and follow his directions up a sweeping staircase. *

10 INT. MASSIVE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT 10

Oak-paneled walls are covered by platinum records. Massive is showing Chris and Ad the place. They all sip champagne. Even though Chris is enjoying the first-class treatment, he keeps his guard up.

ADRIANA
This is a beautiful, beautiful home.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Smaller than my Hamptons crib. But that's bigger than Steven's.

CHRISTOPHER
Italian contractors, obviously.

ADRIANA
Chrissy, lookit all these gold records.

MASSIVE GENIUS
I got more hits than Gotti.

She and Massive smile. Chris looks at weapons in a case.

CHRISTOPHER
Whoa, what have we there?

Massive goes to the locked case door near the bookcase. Minister comes over, unlocks it.

MASSIVE GENIUS
I dig your flavor. We definitely got some business to discuss.

Massive Genius opens the cabinet door, pulls out a Desert Eagle .50 cal Automatic equipped with laser-sight. A very impressive weapon. He displays it for Chris and Adriana.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Ain't that a sight to behold? I do love a good firearm in my hand.

He's got it pointed vaguely at Chris. Chris stands there cool as a cucumber. His face gives nothing away. Ad is both slightly uncomfortable and above this whole boy shit. The Genius laughs and puts the gun away.

MASSIVE GENIUS
You people alright. Godfather -- I checked that flick two hundred times.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)
Godfather II, that shit was definitely tight. The third one, people don't like it but I say it was misunderstood.

CHRISTOPHER
So what business did you wanna discuss?

ADRIANA
(Meaning leave)
Want me to...?

MASSIVE GENIUS
Hell, no.

He smiles. This pleases her. He gestures them out onto --

11 EXT. PATIO - NIGHT 11

MASSIVE GENIUS
Mr. Herman Rabkin. I don't personally know him but I know his history. Late fifties, early sixties he owned Four Jacks Records.

CHRISTOPHER
I don't know what it was fuckin called, but yeah, he was in the music business.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Little situation here. A distant but deceased quasi-cousin on my mother's side -- Little Jimmie Willis, '50's legend.

Chris and Adriana have the same look on their faces: "Who?

MASSIVE GENIUS
Two seminal hit records was his legacy. Drug tragedy. 'Such A Fool'. And --

ADRIANA
I love that! They play it on all the time on Oldies Radio!

MASSIVE GENIUS
Four Jacks did well by Mr. Herman Rabkin but not necessarily his artists.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)
Ol' Herman's just another in a long line of white motherfuckers stealin' royalties from the black man that made them money in the first place. Now, what compounds this situation is that Jimmie's mother out in San Bernardino, who I'm content to call my aunt, badly needs money. Liver dialysis. My own mother is very upset.

CHRISTOPHER
So Hesh kept the fuckin' money. That's sad for the guy's old lady but you could call that being a smart businessman.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Or evil bloodsuckin'. I'm past that shit myself. On the other hand, reparations need be made.

CHRISTOPHER
Hesh is the world's sweetest guy. But I've heard his opinions on giving back pieces of Israel. I can only imagine what he's gonna say about this shit.

MASSIVE GENIUS
I thought I'd ask for help. If you don't wanna help, that's cool.
(slowly rises)
Feel free to help yourself to the food and any other enjoyments.

He goes out and is immediately joined by TWO STUNNING GIRLS. Chris and Adriana are entranced. WAITER tops their glasses.

12 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APT. - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 12

Chris and Adriana come in. She tipsily starts getting out of her dress. He sits heavily on the bed. His whole mood shot.

CHRISTOPHER
This whole place depresses me. The furniture's ugly. Why'd I buy that fuckin' Lexus?

ADRIANA
Wait -- is this because of that Bentley?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

CHRISTOPHER
That guy's a gangster? I'm a gangster. I'm an O.C., not him. That fat fuckin' lawn jockey...

Chris, getting progressively worked up --

CHRISTOPHER
But he's got the fly Hamptons house. Alec Baldwin comes over. Whitney Houston. What do I got? I sit in a fuckin' pork store for Christ's sake. But the mooleys, they got it goin' on. And they're on TV.

ADRIANA
They don't take no shit.

CHRISTOPHER
Soprano crew it's always secret this, omerta that. Fuckin' gets on my nerves. Junior with his moldy ol sweaters -- and he's the fuckin boss!

ADRIANA
You were just feeling so good about yourself.

CHRISTOPHER
Our Thing once ruled the music business. Did you know that?

ADRIANA
No...

CHRISTOPHER
We bankrolled acts. Blacks, everybody. Paid the DJ's or busted heads to get 'em airplay.

ADRIANA
There were some great Italian singers.

CHRISTOPHER
Fuckin' A. Frankie Valli, Dion, The Rascals. That whole Philly thing. My dad used to talk about those guys.
(beat)
Now? Fuckin drum machine and some ignorant poetry and any fuckin fourth-grade dropout ditsoon is Chairman of the Board.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

ADRIANA
(turning on FM)
Frankly, I love it all.

CHRISTOPHER
(pensive)
'Gangsta'.

Adriana has turned on FM. Happens to be Springsteen's 'I'm On Fire'.

ADRIANA
Talk about Paisan Pride! Go, Boss!

She straddles Chris, unbuttoning his shirt, singing along.

13 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 13

Carmela is seated at the breakfast table, drinking coffee and looking over COLLEGE BROCHURES. Tony slips in. Sees her there. Comes in anyway, nonchalant, testing the waters.

TONY
Hey.

CARMELA
Hey. Gloria Wagner called. You remember her from the fundraiser?

Tony pours a cup of coffee.

TONY
Wagner...those mayonaisssers up the street?

CARMELA
They invited us to a barbecue up at their house.

He drinks some water, preparing an answer.

CARMELA
Yeah, I didn't think so.

TONY
More of those brochures, huh?

CARMELA
Do you believe how much it costs for a college education? For four years?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

TONY
Talk about a racket.

CARMELA
I'm serious, Tony. This is a big lump sum of money.

TONY
We got enough.

CARMELA
I know we got enough. But how much is enough? I mean, what if something happened -- god forbid.

TONY
You dig out my blue suit and make sure old man Renzulli doesn't put too much make-up on me.

CARMELA
Don't joke around about this.

TONY
You'll be taken care of.

CARMELA
You always say the same thing. Don't worry. You'll be taken care of. By who?
(silence)
I know how much we have, Tony. I mean, I have a rough idea. And it's alot but...

Tony tries not to smile.

CARMELA
What?

TONY
Nothing.

CARMELA
That dufus look. You just make a score?

TONY
Nah. I wish.

CARMELA
You know, Tony, it's multiple choice with you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

CARMELA (cont'd)
I can't tell if you're old fashioned, paranoid, or a fucking asshole.

He chuckles.

CARMELA
What should I tell the Wagners? About the barbecue?

TONY
Y'know...sure. Lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers. Could be stimulating.

14 INT. IL GRANAIO RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT 14

Christopher eats at the bar. Adriana, hostess, slips onto a stool.

ADRIANA
That prick new maitre'd. He's really on the rag tonight.

CHRISTOPHER
I'll talk to him.

ADRIANA
Remember Richie Santini?

CHRISTOPHER
You used to fuck him.

ADRIANA
That really sums it up. I knew him since we were three. He lived next door. Yeah, we had our little 'phase'.

CHRISTOPHER
What about him?

ADRIANA
You've heard his band.

CHRISTOPHER
Defiler. I'm not into that head bangin shit.

ADRIANA
Well, you were talking about the Sixties. And here's Ritchie, this musician who you know -- they're not a hair band anymore and they're really good. And, like, you said yourself how much money there is in this thing...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

CHRISTOPHER
You mean like... Ritchie Santini?

ADRIANA
You think Massive Genius'd be interested?

CHRISTOPHER
Whole different thing. Black.

ADRIANA
But he's got a company. Massive Productions. Shit, they make movies even.

CHRISTOPHER
Massive owes me one. I arranged a sit-down for him with Hesh.

ADRIANA
I was thinking about -- okay, I know it sounds kind of funny -- music management.

CHRISTOPHER
Huh?

ADRIANA
Alot of it was what you said. But also working here -- I've met people, important people, learned people skills -- how to deal with big egos -- solve problems -- and with my love of all kinds of music...

He's staring. She laughs self-consciously.

ADRIANA
Maybe Alec Baldwin will come over to our house.

15 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT - DAY 15

On CD case -- DEFILER. Four head-banger Jersey guys. We hear their song "Defiler Comes to Town". Widen to Chris and Adriana listening. The song ends. It goes quiet, Chris thoughtful

CHRISTOPHER
No, you know what? Fuck it. Let's set you up.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

ADRIANA
(stunned)
What?

CHRISTOPHER
I got money now. You're right. With how much you listen to the radio, you'd be good.

ADRIANA
(speechless)
I...I...can't believe...

CHRISTOPHER
But I got to pick what you wear. Dress you up. I like that.

She leaps on him, hugging.

16 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DUSK 16 *

Paulie and Tony finish a conversation we can't quite hear. Paulie nods his understanding and the two get up, walk to the house. TRACKING them, we STAY with the CUSAMANO'S HOUSE in b.g., then slightly PUSH IN... *

17 INT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 17

A small dinner party. Jean and Bruce Cusamano, Melfi and her date ERIC (a professional-looking guy), and the Wagners, RANDY & BARB. *

ERIC *
Delicious, Jean. *

BARB *
So, how's your neighbor? *

JEAN *
Oh, there's a new car in the driveway every other week, but besides that... *

CUSAMANO
Hey, really, what does it even mean anymore, a gangster? *

RANDY *
It's true. Some of the shit I see in the boardroom? I don't know if I'd make a distinction.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

BARB
Oh, will you please. It's not the same thing.

Melfi shifts, a little uncomfortable.

CUSAMANO
-- bugging, bribes...I don't know, I think the only thing separating American business from the mob is...fuckin whackin' somebody.

JEAN
Listen to you -- "whackin'." He's around Tony Soprano for fifteen minutes and then it's "fuckin this" and "fuckin' that.

ERIC
Hey, how do we know murders are limited to the mob? A CEO goes down in a private plane -- who knows?

CUSAMANO
But gangsters, they're a dying breed, aren't they? That's all I see anymore, their hold is shrinking.

BARB
We were over there for that fundraiser. I didn't see any guns anywhere.

JEAN
But oh, that bar with the Murano glass.

MELFI
I like Murano glass.

Bruce looks at her, realizing.

CUSAMANO
Bad subject maybe.
(to the guys)
But speaking of...the guy next door gave me some excellent Cuban cigars. What do you say, after dinner...

RANDY
That's what I call a host!

18 INT. THE WRECKERS CLUB - PARAMUS - NIGHT 18 *

Music from the unseen band onstage. The crowd here tonight is a guided tour through The Land That Time Forgot: Guidos and Guidettes trying to catch up on alternative a year two late. It's not going that easily. Fried ROCK DUDES in wife-beater tee-shirts, stone-washed jeans and mullethead haircuts, ROCK CHICKS with big mall hair, rhinestone bustiers and white fringe boots. Everyone drinks long-neck beer. A couple of guys arm-wrestle. This is a crowd that came to rock, fight and fuck.

ANGLE ON

TABLE crowded with BEER BOTTLES. Seated at the table are Christopher, Adriana and sticking out like Mike Tyson at a John Tesh concert is Massive Genius. They talk into each other's ears to be heard over the music.

CHRISTOPHER
I know it ain't your type of music, but...

MASSIVE GENIUS
I usually like music if it turns shit green.

ADRIANA
Richie's been through alot. It's deepened his writing. As a metal band they were fuckin great, but this as far as I'm concerned? Blows away Matchbox 20.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Awright. What they call themselves?

ADRIANA
Used to be Defiler. Then some personnel changes -- bass and drums -- but Richie and Vito are still the core of the band. They're called Duck Blind.

MASSIVE GENIUS
This is some loud shit.

The band has gone from a introverted sensitive-guy verse to a blasting instrumental Radiohead-type transition.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

The music gets to Adriana. She lets out a white girl shriek...

ADRIANA
Yeeow!

She turns and makes eye contact with Massive. He's too cool to give it away. A bit uncomfortable she smiles.

ANGLE ON

the band onstage: four dudes, late-20's, stalled between metal and grunge. VITO, 28, leads the instrumental thrash bridge.

ADRIANA
That's Vito...and that's Richie!

Good looking guy, former metaloid, now suffering like Adam Gurvitz, resumes vocal.

RICHIE
'I've lost my only child/hope he ain't been defiled -- '

AUDIENCE MULLETHEAD
Fuck you!

ADRIANA
This isn't the right place for them.

MASSIVE GENIUS
(professional)
You could help these boys out with the right management.

The band is enthusiastic, holy, but nothing we haven't heard before.

CHRISTOPHER
You interested?

MASSIVE GENIUS
Yes.

But though Chris is looking at the stage, Massive is looking at Adriana. *

19 INT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 19 *

The after-dinner drinks portion of the evening. The guys smoke cigars with gusto.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

CUSAMANO
...That scene where Pesci puts the guy's head in the vice and fuckin pops his eye out -- I thought I was gonna die!

MELFI
(to Eric)
Be right back.

WE FOLLOW Melfi as she leaves the room.

20 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 20

Melfi locks the door, goes purposefully to the window.

POV - THE SOPRANO HOUSE

Quiet, still. A few windows lit. The pool glows.

MELFI

spying her ass off, a guilty pleasure. Suddenly, from the house -- a terrible sound -- part groan, part scream. Melfi freezes. Again the sound -- a wrenching human pain-sound.

21 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APT. - DAWN 21

Christopher and Adriana getting into bed.

CHRISTOPHER
I dunno -- Richie -- guy's 30, still lives with his parents --

ADRIANA
It's because of the accident. Richie had third degree burns from trying to grill that trout with a downed power line. But at the same time being electrocuted turned his life around.

CHRISTOPHER
You did some good fuckin selling.

ADRIANA
(thrilled)
You think?

CHRISTOPHER
(worried)
Thing is...music...it's not something you can hold in your hand, y'know?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)
Like football betting cards or... coke...

ADRIANA
It's art.
(beat)
Berry Gordy or whatever, he had to see it in the Supremes. It's an instinct. I see it in Richie.

CHRISTOPHER
Vito's a good guitar player -- I'll say that.

ADRIANA
I'm really fuckin doing it!

CHRISTOPHER
Yep.

ADRIANA
And it's all thanks to you. I make a demo CD like Massive advised, and then....yaagggh!

She screams with excitement. They make love.

22 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY 22

MELFI and Tony, as usual.

TONY
My wife thinks I need to meet new people. You know branch out a bit.
(beat)
You know, different people.

MELFI
Different in what way?

TONY
You're Italian, you know what I mean. Guys like me are brought up to think that 'meddigan' are fuckin' bores. And the truth is...the white man's no more boring than the millionth discussion of who would've won, Marciano or Ali.

Melfi smiles, then --

MELFI
Am I to understand you don't consider yourself white?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

TONY
No, I don't mean "white" like, you know, 'Caucasian'... I mean like our friend Cusamano. He's an Italian, but he's 'meddigan'. He's what my old man used to call a wonderbread wop. You know them. Italians who eat Sunday gravy out of a jar.

Melfi can't help but laugh.

TONY
Actually, a friend of Cusamano's invited me and the wife to this barbecue.

MELFI
How do you think your current friends would feel if you started hanging out with "meddigans"?

TONY
Fuck 'em. I mean those days are gone. They're living in the past. I know a lot of people knocked Big Paul because he wanted to live a different life but I'm starting to think he was right.

MELFI
Big Paul?

TONY
Castellano.

MELFI
Isn't he the man that was killed in front of a restaurant?

TONY
I told her she could tell 'em we'd come to the barbecue. Cusamano asked me to play golf at his club. Maybe I'll do that, too. Why not, right?

Tony gets up. She walks him to the door.

MELFI
I was in your neighborhood last night. At the Cusamano's.

TONY
Oh, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

MELFI
Dinner party.

He immediately becomes suspicious and ill at ease. She, for her part, is dying to ask about what she heard.

TONY
You should've stopped in. It's right next door.

MELFI
(equally false)
Well...
(blurts)
Did you happen to hear any...strange noises last night? Up in your neighborhood?

TONY
Noises?

MELFI
Like someone screaming. In pain.

TONY
No.

MELFI
(deflecting)
Probably a television set.

TONY
(bothered)
You saw my house, huh?

He leaves. Melfi goes to her desk, jots note to herself -- "Sat. 3/21/98 -- screaming noises heard vic. home of Patient S. *

23 S C E N E O M I T T E D 23 *

24 EXT. HESH'S ESTATE - DAY 24

Follow a new silver Cad STS with gold trim and wheels and dealer sticker up the drive. Paulie gets out, buffs a smudge. He walks toward horses grazing. FOUR CARS sit parked in the wrap-around driveway, including the YELLOW BENTLEY. Paulie looks at the Bentley but it doesn't compute. He wrinkles his nose, keeps walking with a bounce to his step.

AT CORRAL FENCE

24 CONTINUED: 24

HESH, Tony, Silvio, Christopher, Paulie. Also, Massive, Minister, three posse. Massive watches horses.

MASSIVE GENIUS
This place has the flavor.

HESH
The gelding, that's Sidney.

MASSIVE GENIUS
How come you never wrote a song about him?
(off Hesh's look)
When you and Little Jimmy were writing partners on all his hits, did you handle the music and him the lyrics or was it the other way around?

HESH
We had our own process.

MASSIVE GENIUS
So that, 'ooh-wack-adoo, wack-a-dooley, I'm so blue,' was that you or the little brother?

Hesh keeps smiling out at the horses.

HESH
One could write a song about a horse. But in order to hit with <u>your</u> target audience, he'd have to have a mounted cop on him and be ripped up the ass by a Mac 10, no? *

MASSIVE GENIUS
So you bought horses off your royalties and Little Jimmy's royalties, what became of those?

SILVIO
He bought horse.

HESH
Look, the business back then, we were breakin' rules. Makin 'em and breakin 'em as we went along.

MINISTER
You mean rapin' and pillagin'.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

HESH
Things haven't changed. Were we hard nosed? Yeah. At least we gave a lotta kids their start. Lotta Negro youths. We took kids from the ghettos, talented kids, and put them on stage.

MINISTER
Just 'cause you turn a bitch out, you still a pimp.

HESH
If that's what you think of them then shame on you. To me they were talent.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Herman, ordinarily I'd be more than happy to stroll down memory lane with you but it's reparations I seek.

TONY
Let's call it what it is. A shakedown.

HESH
What, you think we can't look into your dealings, find out who you're screwing?

SILVIO
Twenty years I'm owning clubs. Here, down the shore. You ain't fuckin somebody, you ain't in the music business.

MASSIVE GENIUS
(to Tony)
Your father used to get Four Jacks records airplay, that right?

TONY
(beat; to Hesh)
I heard enough. Whaddaya wanna do here?

Before Hesh can answer --

CHRISTOPHER
Hesh has gotta do the right thing.

TONY
(exploding)
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3) 24

Massive carefully studies this byplay. Hesh is angry.

HESH
You're out of line, kid. Let's get you some fuckin cold fizzy water on your head.

25 EXT. PATIO - DAY 25

A maid serves drinks.

HESH
I'll tell you what, Crispus -- Crispus Johnston. Oh don't worry, I know more about you than your own mother.

MASSIVE GENIUS
(unimpressed)
Public record.

HESH
So let's get to the point here. What's in this for you?

An attractive, well-dressed, light-skinned black woman in her early 50's passes along a walkway from the driveway carrying shopping bags from Armani. She is MARLENE, Hesh's wife. She waves to Hesh.

HESH
Hi, sweetie. We're just wrapping up, I won't be long.

MARLENE
Hey, Tony.

TONY
How ya doin', baby?

They watch her move off into the house. Silence.

HESH
Don't let me interrupt you.

MASSIVE GENIUS
If you read Chuck D's book, you know that he advises reparations be made by the Jewish studio moguls in Hollywood. *
On account of the way they portrayed * black folks in movies. Now that's only germane to this argument in as much as I feel the grievances in the music business are worse.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)
The music black artists created changed the face of modern entertainment. But these pioneers got motherfuckin carmel corn. *

HESH
You're talking to the wrong white man my friend. My people were the white man's nigger when yours were still painting their faces and chasing zebras.

Tony shows surprise at Hesh's aggressiveness. The Genius is cool as a cucumber.

HESH
And as far as Louis B. Mayer goes, what are you, fuckin nuts? You want to serve Huey Newton's jail time?

Massive extends his hand; Minister hands him a paper.

MASSIVE GENIUS
My lawyers did a little research. We'll forget about the interest for the moment. I think the fair figure is somewhere around two-hundred thousand dollars. I leave it to your sense of "right".
(as he gathers himself to leave)
A cashiers check to Mrs. Idella Willis will set the record straight.

You could hear a pin drop.

PAULIE
Or what?

MASSIVE GENIUS
We go to contingency B. *
(nods) *
Gentlemen.

As they are leaving Tony wants to do or say something. *

TONY
Hesh?

Hesh just puts up his hand and shakes his head "no". *

26 EXT. WAGNER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 26

The barbecue at the Wagners. Randy Wagner, Molson in hand, stands over his expensive gas grill, playing the weekend chef. Tony is there and Bruce Cusamano and Wall Streeter JACK KRIM. Everybody's on their third Molson. Easy male camaraderie. *

CUSAMANO
Where'd you go for the sausage, that little place in Garfield?

RANDY *
(calls out)
Honey! Where'd we get the sausage?

Randy spears and displays a two-foot long section of sausage. *

CUSAMANO
Only thing better than salsicc' is a pair a' tits.

JACK KRIM
Well, I don't know about that, but it's a helluva piece of meat!

TONY
You're a stockbroker, huh, Jack? Any changes in the market comin'?

JACK KRIM
It's always fucking changing, Tony.

RANDY *
That's what keeps us coming back.

TONY
(points)
I like your statuary.

JACK KRIM
By the way, Rand', you hear from Ross on Dexplex? *

RANDY *
Not yet. But the buy out is definitely going down. * *

JACK KRIM *
Give me a little warning. I need to call the Islands.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

TONY
Dexplex?

They realize who they're talking in front of.

JACK KRIM
Nothing. Little company that's going public maybe.

CUSAMANO
(out of concern for Tony)
It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining. Let's not talk business for once, huh?

Cusamano claps Tony on the shoulder.

TONY
Randy, your kids go to Verbum Dei, I hear. What's with that tuition? *

ANGLE ON PICNIC TABLE

Carmela is sitting with Barb Wagner, Jean Cusamano and WENDY KRIM. Barb is arranging bowls of potato salad, macaroni salad, etc.

BARB
American Biotics.

JEAN
(to Carmela)
Barb, our stock guru. She says American Biotics may be a good investment. They're supposed to be close to a side-effect-free anti-impotence drug...better than Viagra. *

CARMELA *
You guys play the stock market? *

BARB *
We don't just play, we win. *

27 INT. HESH'S ESTATE - OFFICE - NIGHT 27

A dozen or so gold records on the walls. The old-school kind from the late-50's and 60's, with vinyl singles instead of CD's. On the STEREO a vinyl single(!)PLAYS -- early 60's, scratchy but catchy, upbeat, the youthful lead vocal sounding almost androgynous: "I'm such a fool to fall in love with you."

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

HESH

alone, sipping scotch. He is listening to the song and staring at --

PHOTOS ON THE WALLS

Hesh in his 20's, posing with young music stars of the day in the studio and at gold-record celebrations. Hesh with Little Jimmy. We linger on another photo in particular: a younger Hesh arm and arm with a teenage Marlene. They look very much in love. Marlene enters, sits, listens.

HESH
The music business, who knew it would last? No one did. Get in, get out, make a buck...

MARLENE
Baby, you didn't stick that needle in his arm.

The record ends, the needle CLICKS...CLICKS...CLICKS. Hesh is deeply moved.

28 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE - MORNING 28

It's a beautiful sky-blue morning. Tony THWACKS a perfect tee-shot on the first hole -- the ball flies 300 yards.

CUSAMANO (O.S.)
Now that's a shot!

Bruce Cusamano stands by with a most impressed Randy Wagner and Jack Krim. Tony proudly leaves the tee and joins the guys. *

TONY
(W.C. Fields)
Mere bag of shells.

The guys laugh. They grab their handcarts and start walking.

TONY
I gotta tell ya. This is a nice place.

RANDY *
We oughta see about making Tony a * member. *

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

CUSAMANO
We should. *

RANDY *
Tony, you ever play at that place in * Orlando?

TONY
Orlando? No, I've never been down there. Well...Disney World...

RANDY *
You know -- Al's place.

Tony has no idea.

RANDY *
Mount Plymouth. Al Capone built it.

TONY
No shit.

JACK KRIM
Capone was a golf fanatic, that's right.

Tony glances at Cusamano for relief.

TONY
I can see you guys watch A&E.

JACK KRIM
(goes for broke)
Hey, Tony, let me ask you a question -- and if I'm stepping on toes, tell me -- how real was the Godfather? I mean in your opinion.

TONY
What do you mean, real?

JACK KRIM
Authentic or not?

TONY
I...I dunno. I mean -- what do I know? That was the Fifties, wasn't it?

JACK KRIM
No, it wasn't. Nineteen seventy-two.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

CUSAMANO
He means the story took place in the fifties.

RANDY
So was it?

JACK KRIM
Forget that. I want to know if you really have to cut your finger and take an oath.

Tony is lost for words.

CUSAMANO
(to Jack and Randy)
Hey, c'mon. No talking about...movies. Remember?

Tony's grateful to Cusamano.

29 INT. STUDIO - DAY 29

Duck Blind lays down vocal tracks to their pre-recorded instrumental tracks. Richie is lead vocal.

BOOTH

SQUID, an engineer, sits behind the console and stubs out a cigarette in an overflowing ashtray. Adriana watches intently. Chris enters. Takes off his jacket. Adriana blows a preoccupied hello kiss. Chris sprawls. They watch and listen to Richie sing, the band adding harmonies. Chris eyes --

ADRIANA

caught up, mouthing along, body moving, trying to will the magic. Richie finishes singing. Squid looks at Ad.

SQUID
That's Take three-hundred. We oughta just bag it.
(she nods; into mic)
Okay! We're baggin' it.

Richie, who sits in the glass-enclosed vocal booth, wearily removes his headphones. Thru speakers --

RICHIE
Shoulda bagged it two days ago when it was perfect.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

SQUID
(after clicking off)
Fuck it was.
(to Ad and Chris)
Good. Not bad. I think this is as good as it's gonna get.

ADRIANA
Wasn't too bad. It was kinda good.

SQUID
(shrugs)
Hey.

CHRISTOPHER
What are you saying? There's something wrong?

SQUID
I'm sure we're all trying our best here. I just think we hit a wall. Maybe some R&R.

CHRISTOPHER
Fuck that. I paid for three days of studio time already. It's only gonna cost me more to pack up, then come back in again, isn't it?

ADRIANA
I don't get it. We got through the instrumental tracks with no problem.

Chris enters the studio. Adriana drifts in.

RICHIE
I'm beat.

CHRISTOPHER
Whatd'ya say we finish this shit? Three fuckin days now we been slamming our ham.

RICHIE
Kinkos gave me five days off. It's not the end of the world.

CHRISTOPHER
Kinkos. This is costing me three hundred bucks an hour.
(tosses bag of speed)
Here. Try this.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

RICHIE
(incensed)
I don't do drugs anymore.

CHRISTOPHER
Hat's off. But for all the dynamic excitement in these songs, maybe we should get another downed power line in here, let you suck on it.

ADRIANA
Christopher --

RICHIE
What you just heard was our most balls-out introspective song. It's not supposed to rock.

VITO
Probably be our first single.

BASS PLAYER
No, dude, second. "Sharon's Chair"'ll be the one busts out.

ADRIANA
I like "Melt".

CHRISTOPHER
(with finality)
Come on. Go shoot the crank and let's wrap this up.

RICHIE
What?!

CHRISTOPHER
You heard me. Spike up.

RICHIE
No fuckin' way.

ADRIANA
Christopher -- I'm producing these sessions.

CHRISTOPHER
Go take the fuckin drugs. I'm not fuckin around now.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3) 29

RICHIE
The problem you're hearing -- Christopher -- is the drum and bass tracks were miked wrong from the fuckin beginning.

SQUID
(over speakers; tight smile)
Whoa, hey -- King of Rock -- you're out of your depth.

RICHIE
Lemme tell you something, dude -- thank you, but I've recorded in Denmark.

SQUID
(comes out of booth)
Okay -- you want to know what the problem is?
(had it; blows)
Where's the fuckin chorus? All your songs -- you got no choruses. Your choruses are basically just another verse! What happened to 'She Loves You', huh?

ADRIANA
(thrown)
'She Loves You'?

SQUID
Yeah! Started with the fucking chorus! There's structure! There's how to build a song.

RICHIE
(dismissive)
Oh, George Fucking Martin.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey, when you can suck the dick of Paul's collie, then you can talk.

ADRIANA
Christopher --

CHRISTOPHER
Well, what is he, nuts?

RICHIE
(starts out)
Fuck this.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4) 29

CHRISTOPHER
Where you goin'?

RICHIE
(shouting)
AA, you fucking jerkoff. Hope you're happy!

CHRISTOPHER
Get back to work.

He grabs an acoustic guitar and menaces Richie with it. The band steps back, Richie cowering.

ADRIANA
Christopher!

CHRISTOPHER
(advancing on Richie; guitar raised)
Huh? Huh? Come on.

RICHIE
Big man!

CHRISTOPHER
I'll fuckin --

He charges him, swings the guitar. Richie turns and the blow catches his back. The guitar splinters. Richie staggers into the drums, the whole thing does down with a crash. There's a dreadful silence. The band members help Richie. Adriana is staring at Chris.

CHRISTOPHER
What? Siddown!

All are staring at him. He senses he's gone a little out there.

CHRISTOPHER
(guilty laugh)
Let's take if from the top. We'll use a ukelele.

ADRIANA
I can't believe you.

Tearful, she leaves.

30 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 30

Chipper, Carmela is on the phone. A notebook and calculator are before her.

CARMELA
Five thousand shares. American Biotics. Can you place the order today? Uh-huh. I'll have the money to you by tomorrow. OK, bye-bye!

She hangs up the phone and freezes -- Meadow is standing there, having overheard the entire conversation.

CARMELA
Meadow! What, you spying on people now?

MEADOW
I live here. What, you playing Wall Street now? *

CARMELA
(sneaky smile)
Women are better savers than men. We're nurturers.

MEADOW
What do you know about the stock market?

CARMELA
I keep my ears open. And CNBC, that's * a very interesting channel. *
(off her look)
I'm starting a cruise fund. Listen, * your father -- God bless him -- he does very well. But who knows? If something unforeseen should happen, if he gets hit by a truck, then what? I've got you kids to think of. *

MEADOW
I don't know, mom...

CARMELA
When you get married, you'll know. A woman has to keep her sense of individuality. This is a life lesson.

Meadow just keeps looking at her.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

CARMELA
I know -- let's go to Georgette Klingers. Massage. Facial. Jour De Beau-tay. On me.

MEADOW
Sure!

31 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 31

Same foursome -- Tony, Cusamano, Krim, Randy wait. *

RANDY *
So, tell me Tony, you got a lot of friends in New York?

TONY
Too many.

JACK KRIM
You ever go down to Mulberry Street?

TONY
Only for San Gennaro. You know, the Feast. With the kids.

RANDY *
(to Jack and Cus)
Tell the truth. What's the first thing you think of when you hear Mulberry Street?

JACK/CUSAMANO
Umbertos.

They HIGH FIVE.

JACK KRIM
(to Tony)
You ever see that picture of Gallante, dead, with the cigar hanging out of his mouth.

Tony looks at Cusamano for relief but Cusamano's too into the subject to notice. * *

TONY
No. *

CUSAMANO
Fucking beautiful hit.
(off Tony's surprise)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

CUSAMANO (cont'd)
Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. You probably knew the guy.

TONY
How the fuck old you think I am?

JACK KRIM
You don't have to answer this if you don't want but I gotta know. You ever meet John Gotti?

That's it. He's had enough.

TONY
John Gotti.
(long beat, the guys wait salivating)
Yeah, sure. I knew him well.

RANDY *
Whoa, fuck.

CUSAMANO
What's he really like?

TONY
I remember I was playin intermural * ball, and I hit this pop-up foul -- * ball took off like a fuckin' rocket, straight at this bishops's head. He was visiting from France. Now that coulda really been bad. Anyway, this guy caught it. Everyone was cheering cause you know, he saved a bishop. The man was John Gotti. I never forgot that.

Looks of disappointment on the guys' faces. That wasn't exactly the John Gotti story they were blood-thirsting for.

CUSAMANO
A bishop, huh? From France. Wow.
(beat)
Did you know Gotti later in life?

TONY
Well, sure. Remember Bungalow Bar?

RANDY *
The ice cream trucks?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

CUSAMANO
Like Good Humor, except the trucks had little bungalow roofs on 'em.

JACK KRIM
(amazed)
Was Gotti a silent partner in that whole thing?

TONY
I don't know. I just remember, after the company folded, the last Bungalow Bar truck --
(to Cusamano)
-- with the peaked roof, you're right, Cooze --
(to all)
-- the last Bungalow Bar truck was up for auction. I wanted it for a souvenir. John outbid me. I drove home with him. He rang that bell the whole way.

They nod slowly.

TONY
After that we lost touch.
(points)
Hey, they're waving to us.

32 INT. MASSIVE GENIUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 32

Massive sits in his casual, silk, AFRICAN GARB listening to the Duck Blind demo. Adriana grooves to it. Chris is impassive.

ADRIANA
Oh, I love this part --
(mouthes along)
'I have lost my only child...'

Massive is concentrating on the undulating Adriana.

MASSIVE GENIUS
(to Adriana)
Yeah, this is good, baby.

Christopher takes note. Adriana hand-punches the build, build, build to the...non-chorus.

CHRISTOPHER
Good fucking guitar, though. Listen to that shit. *

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

Massive appears to be listening.

ADRIANA
They got it goin' on.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Yeah.

Massive smiles at Adriana. Christopher's eyes are opening up.

33 INT. HESH'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY 33

Hesh smokes a cigar and listens to Defiler as Chris looks on. The SONG ENDS. Christopher gets up, shuts the tape off and POPS it out.

CHRISTOPHER
So?

HESH
I think it's...not good.

CHRISTOPHER
Wanna be a little more specific?

HESH
There's good. And there's not good. This is not good.

CHRISTOPHER
Okay, maybe it's not your era -- no offense, but --

HESH
Kid, music is music, talent is talent, I don't care who you are. I seen it all. I seen heavy metal invented by Hendrix at the Bottom Line, he just got out of the army. I told him, "Kid, I don't know what you call it -- talent, charisma, magic -- whatever it is, you got it." These guys...
(gestures to the cassette)
...I'm sorry, they don't.

CHRISTOPHER
You're just pissed off I went against you at the sit down.

33 CONTINUED: 33

HESH
(fed up)
Get the fuck out of here. Stop taking up my time.

CHRISTOPHER
This Vito is a great fuckin guitar player, Hesh.

HESH
Good, fine, he's a great guitar player. However, there's one constant in the music business -- a hit is a hit. And this, my friend, is not a hit.

CHRISTOPHER
But why?!

HESH
Christ. Reasons we can never comprehend or codify, you pitiful schlepper.

CHRISTOPHER
Fuckin Massive is a Genius. So what the fuck was he talkin' about?

34 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY 34

TONY
I remember when I was a kid. There was this guy we called 'Jimmy Smash'. He wasn't a retard really but we thought he was 'cause he had one of those whatiya callits...You know where the person talks like...
(cleft palate)
Hey, Tony, how the fuck are ya?

MELFI
(evenly)
A cleft palette.

TONY
Yeh, anyway, what the hell did we know as kids. When he talked we would piss ourselves. But Jimmy Smash didn't mind us laughing cause he got to hang out with a popular crew. Even though we only called him when we were bored. We'd tell him " Hey, Jimmy, sing Mack The Knife'.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

TONY (cont'd)
And of course being only to happy to be with us, he'd belt it out. Aw Jeez, we would fall down laughing till we ached, and that was it. When the laughs got old we'd stop calling him. It wasn't till years later did I find out that the poor prick was going home ev'ry night and crying himself to sleep.

Melfi is moved.

TONY
Anyway, when I found out, y'know, about how he would cry, I felt bad. But I never really understood how used he must've felt. To be made to act like a fuckin' dancing bear. That is until I played golf with those guys.

MELFI
You thought Cusamano was your friend.

He's too hurt, embarrassed to respond.

MELFI
That must've been an awful feeling.

TONY
Ya live, ya learn.

MELFI
What are you going to do?

He looks at her. No answer.

MELFI
Do you mind if I asked you what happened to Jimmy?

TONY
Who, Smash? He's doin' twenty for armed robbery. I mean, it was to difficult for the law to figure it out when they heard that the guy wore a mask but said
(like Jimmy)
Hey, "stick'em up".

35 INT. MASSIVE GENIUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 35 *

Massive is WATCHING big screen TV with a beautiful woman when Minister comes in with a cell phone. * *

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

Minister and other large men sit and listen. Massive smiles and hits the button that puts Hesh on SPEAKER. The woman leaves. *

MASSIVE GENIUS
Good morning, Herman. I'm listening.

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
Good. I wouldn't want you to miss anything I say. I've thought about it a long time.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Go on.

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
You're gonna have to find some other schmuck to have your altruistic moment with.

MASSIVE GENIUS
You know what this means, Herman?

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
If you're stupid enough to say it on the phone, let me hear it.

36 INT. BADA BING - OFFICE - DAY 36 *

***Intercut as needed -- Tony, Silvio, Paulie in the Bing office.

MASSIVE GENIUS
I don't threaten, Herman. I act.

TONY
Gene? You're getting yourself way over your head with this shit. Think about backing off. Let sleeping dogs lie.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Mr. Soprano.

TONY
Lemme share with you what I always suspected about this 'gangsta shit. I figure probably you actually have a degree in sociology from City College. *

MASSIVE GENIUS
(chuckles)
I grew up in the projects. Dealt at thirteen. Killed a man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)
Later I got a degree -- but Urban Planning -- you were close. Now, when it comes to which is mightier, the pen or the motherfuckin sword, I'm willing to let the situation dictate.

TONY
Don't press it.

MASSIVE GENIUS
I'm gonna do my part to keep Mr. Rabkin's people working.

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
What's that supposed to mean?

MASSIVE GENIUS
Expect to hear from Goldstein, Baum, and Woronov. They'll be representing Mrs. Willis in the lawsuit.

There's a silence. A kind of disappointment.

TONY
You gonna sue?

MASSIVE GENIUS
With what I pay in retainers? Fuck yeah.

TONY
(beat)
Yeah. I know how that is.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Yeah, well...

HESH
Listen, tatelleluh -- I thought you might say that. So be advised that on your artist Scratch's last single? You sampled the backing vocal from the Chablis' 1968 song, "Riff Wit It". For which Four Jacks retains the publishing.

MASSIVE GENIUS
(beat)
No shit.

HESH
Yes, shit. I would of course, have to countersue.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

MASSIVE GENIUS
(long beat)
See you in court.

Massive hits the button, hanging up. In the Bing room, there's a sour flatness.

PAULIE
What kind of moolinyan are these? They call themselves gangsters. *

TONY
Gangstas. *

SILVIO
It's a new day, my friend. A new fuckin' day. *

PAULIE
(putting gun back in the closet)
Fuckin depressing.

37 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APT. - NIGHT 37

Christopher is sprawled, preoccupied, Annie Lennox playing in b.g. Adriana makes an entrance from bedroom in a $2400 tight, gorgeous dress, pricetags hanging. She models.

ADRIANA
Okay, now this is the Alaia.

CHRISTOPHER
Nice.

ADRIANA
You like it better than the Mugler?

CHRISTOPHER
(checks pricetag)
Keep 'em both.

ADRIANA
Christopher! Twenty four hundred dollars!
(beat)
I don't think you really like it.

CHRISTOPHER
I like it, I like it.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

ADRIANA
(runs out, runs back in, stepping into heels)
Huh? MTV Awards?
(off his uneasy smile)
What?

CHRISTOPHER
Nothing.

ADRIANA
(strokes his hair)
I thought we put that fight behind us. You want me to take all this back? I will, no problem.

CHRISTOPHER
No. Fuck. I want you to have it.

ADRIANA
(sits; nuzzles him)
Then che cosa, ragazzo?

CHRISTOPHER
You know how I use the technique of positive visualization?

ADRIANA
I know you talk about it...you're fairly negative alot of the time.

CHRISTOPHER
I think you should mentally prepare for the fuckin possibility that -- Duck Blind sucks.

Long silence.

ADRIANA
What?

CHRISTOPHER
I think that...the only reason you gotten this far with Massive is...he wants to be in your pants.

ADRIANA
(pulls back)
Boy, oh, boy.

CHRISTOPHER
Look, I let some experts listen to the demo -- they shit all over it. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

ADRIANA
Experts. Who? Hesh, that old fucking synagogue cantor?

CHRISTOPHER
Silvio. Hey, he owned rock clubs in Asbury. You heard what Squid said. A professional engineer.

ADRIANA
What about my opinion? That it's good. * That it's special. *

No answer. She hurriedly leaves the room. He follows her into bedroom.

CHRISTOPHER
His eyes are on your ass, Adriana. Ninety eight percent of the time. You know that. If he was Stevie Wonder I'd say, okay, maybe I'm wrong.

ADRIANA
This is just a way for you to keep me down.

CHRISTOPHER
That ain't fair.

ADRIANA
I don't want these clothes.

He doesn't move. Unzipping dress, she stops, fights tears.

ADRIANA
What's wrong with it, huh? What's wrong with Duck Blind?

CHRISTOPHER
I don't know...but it's a problem that you don't know. Richie, he'll sing anything.

ADRIANA
You just don't want to believe I could have a relationship with a man -- like Massive -- that wasn't based on fucking. That was based on intelligence, respect...talent.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3) 37

CHRISTOPHER
(quiet; seriously)
I'll shut up.

ADRIANA
You saying I don't have talent?
(beat)
I branched out. Found new friends. New horizons. And you can't stand that.
(silence)
Yeah. Go silent. That's you -- either screaming your head off or fucking dead.
(beat)
I don't think I can stay here anymore.

CHRISTOPHER
I love you.

ADRIANA
That is such a lie.

She takes the dress off, throws on a raincoat, leaves.

38 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 38 *

On Business News story -- 'American Biotics Tumescent, Splits 4-1'. Carmela reads the piece, smiles, extremely pleased. *

TONY (O.C.) *
Carm? *

CARMELA *
In here! *

She quickly turns the newspaper face down. Tony comes in with a small square box wrapped in brown paper and string. *

TONY *
I need a finger. *

He puts the box down. She puts her finger on the string. Tony ties the knot. *

CARMELA
What's in here? *

TONY
Sand. I'm fuckin with Cusamano next door. *

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

CARMELA
(amused, warning)
Ton'...

Tony admires his work. *

TONY *
There, that's beautiful. *

CARMELA *
(mussing his hair)
You're kinda cute when you're being a bad boy.

TONY
(kisses her hand)
You're chipper today.

CARMELA
What're you gonna do with the box?

TONY
Ask him to hold it for a while.

CARMELA
(laughing)
Oh, God, Tony that's so evil

TONY
Yeah. That's what's so fun.

40 EXT. SOPRANO BACK YARD - DAY 40

Tony leans over the fence and watches Cusamano do yard work.

TONY
Yo, Cooze!
(no answer)
Hey! Cooze!

Cusamano embarrassedly to the direction of the voice, then looks to see if others have heard this.

TONY
Hey, Cooze! Come here.

CUSAMANO
Oh hey, Ton'.
(crosses)
How you doing?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

TONY
Good, you?

CUSAMANO
Listen, that nickname --

TONY
What? Cusamano.

CUSAMANO
Yeah, but, y'know, it's got that other --

TONY
Oh! Nah. Listen...pal...I need a little solid.
(hands him parcel)
Couldja hang onto this for me a while?

CUSAMANO
Uh, yeah, sure...

On reflex Cusamano takes the box. At the same time a thousand paranoid thoughts run through his head.

TONY
If you could just hold on to it. I'll let you know when I need it.

CUSAMANO
How long?

TONY
Month. Maybe less. I dunno. That okay?
(off tepid nod)
I meant to ask, any word on the club?

CUSAMANO
Oh, the club! Um...I'm sorry, I was...membership is closed.

TONY
Closed?

CUSAMANO
(vamping)
Yeah. You know. New members only get in when old members die?

TONY
Nobody's dying?

For a split second, Cusamano has a horrible thought.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2) 40

CUSAMANO
Yeah, fuckin logjam or something. Nothing anybody could do anything about. No new members. Sorry.

TONY
That's okay, Cooze. No biggie.

CUSAMANO
You sure? I know I got your hopes up...

Tony waves it off, walks away, leaving Cusamano standing there with the box.

41 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY 41

Tony walks in, chuckling to himself. Tony lays down on his bench press and starts power-lifting. Really going at it. He lets out a familiar cry...the one Melfi heard.

42 S C E N E O M I T T E D 42 *

43 INT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 43 *

Bruce and his wife Jean sit on opposite sides of the table. They stare intently at the small box, which sits between them.

JEAN
What is it, heroin?

CUSAMANO
Shit, Jean, I don't know. A weapon? I don't know. (beat) Could be anything. * * * * *

Jean goes to poke it with a fork.

CUSAMANO
No! Don't touch it!

They stand there, stymied, fretting. We hear "that sound" from next door. * *

FADE OUT:

THE END